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The INDIAN's *Petition:*

O R,

7
Black Jack's
PAWAWING

T O

Don Pluto,

Lord of the *DARK REGIONS.*

Done from his Spanish Notes.

By ADAM ADDLESTAFF, *Gent.*

Near Kinsman to the BICKERSTAFFS.

L O N D O N,

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The INDIAN'S Position:

Black Jack's

PAWAWING

TO

Don't



Lord of the DARK REIGN

Don't

By ADAM A. DUFFY

LONDON

Printed by the

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TO THE
READER.

I Shall not *sooth* thee by the Terms
of *Courteous*, or *Kind*, or *wheelde*
in any *common* or *fulsome Manner* ;
but I wou'd have thee take poor
JACK'S *Petition*, and read it, and
if there be any *Thing* that pinches
thee, I wou'd *advise*, not to let any
Body see thee *winch* ; bnt above all,
don't *kick*, lest it provoke the *World*
to *Laughter*, and by *that Means* yon
come off *with Shame*. But if (as
it commonly happens) thou art so

To the *READER*.

much thy own *Friend*, or rather *Flatterer*, as to think thy self *unconcern'd* in the *Matter*, it may not be amiss to reflect on the Proverb, *Non videmus Manticæ quod in Tergo est*. We can see Faults in others, that we ought first to mend in our selves.

In something *Jack* has hit me in the *Teeth*, and I hope, I shall mend *my Manners*; and if you are at all *concern'd*, I shou'd be glad, if you mend too; and if *ev'ry One* wou'd mend for himself, there wou'd not be so much Need of *Reviews*, *Tatlers*, *Observers* and *Apollo's* (who as well as *Poor Jack* and *his Transcriber*, want Mending themselves) to mend, or rather, to cobbler the *A G E*.

But I must say something, to prevent a certain *half-witted* Sort of *Men*, I think, they call 'em *Criticks*, who

To the *READER.*

who are wise enough to find *Fault*, but not to *mend*: First *then*, be pleas'd to understand, that *Want* of *Language* and *Method* must be attributed to *Black Jack*, who has never learn'd either *Logick* or *Rhetorick*, and if *any* shou'd quarrel about his *Pawawing*, as I know, *some* love to shew the *little Wit* they have, tho' it be *little* to the *Purpose*; it is the *Name*, by which the *Indians* call their *Worship* to their *pretended Gods*; but I thought fit, to change the *Indian Name* of his *God* into *that* of *Pluto*, as bearing the *same Sence*, and answering *better* in *English*; and, therefore, if *that* be a *Fault*, I must take it to my self.

Now to speak *Truth*, I had rather you wou'd mend the *Faults* he complains against, if *guilty* (as I have reason

To the *READER.*

son to fear) than pick *Holes* in his *Coat*, which is *ragged* enough already. And pray use as much *Candor*, as *ill Nature* will suffer you ('tis you *Criticks*, I mean) and let a poor *Indian's* Zeal against *Vice*, provoke his *Readers* to be *asham'd*, he shou'd *outstrip* 'em in *Zeal*. One *Thing* I had almost forgot, which is, to *advertise* the *Reader*, that the *Terms*, your *Hellship*, &c. here us'd are mine, and not *poor Jack's*; which I did, as believing *those Idols* they worship are *Devils*, if any *Thing* at all.

A. ADDLESTAFF.



The INDIAN's Petition :

O R,

**Black Jack's
PAWAWING.***May it Please, &c:*

POOOR Sun-burnt *Jack* being come into these Colder Regions, wanted some Cloaths to keep the unwelcome Sharpness of the Weather from his Back, and his Guts being pinch'd with Hunger, made his Case known to the Pennyless Poet his Master, with as many wry Faces, and as pitiful a Shrug, as a Native of *New-England* makes, when he perceives the *North-West Wind* blow: 'Poor *Jack*, (quoth he) 'tis almost as bad with thy Master, for if the Proverb be true, *That the D---l's in the Purse that is Moneyless*, his Worship has danc'd there this Quarter of a Year." Now, if your Infernalship takes any Pleasure in poor Men's Purses, it is poor *Jack's* Opinion, that you ought to pay
Rent

Rent for 'em; and I beseech you, give Orders to your Treasurer *Judas Gripe-All*, to pay my Matter upon Sight, for the Matter is come to this Pitch already between my Guts and I, who are so favourable to draw at double Usance, and yet I expect the last Bill of Exchange, and can't answer the Demand: Now your Un-Holiness may perceive by this how the Case stands, and that poor *Jack* is too much like a great many more of the Religious, who seldom pray in earnest 'till they are forc'd to it. But if your Hellship's Cash runs low, be pleas'd to lay a Tribute on all *Juglers*, *Rafflers*, *Card-Players*, *Sharps* and *Quacks* of all Sorts (for it is poor *Jack's* Opinion, that if your Majesty has any Subjects in this Country, they are some of them) that so they may contribute something of what as Knaves they get from Fools, towards the Subsistence of Better and Wiser Men; that so poor *Black Jack*, (whose Teeth chatter in his Head for Want of a Coat, and whose Guts make such a Grumbling at his Chaps because they lye still, that he is afraid of an Insurrection, and that he shall be sent out of the World in the Scuffle;) may get something to supply his Wants.

Black Jack farther Humbly prays, that your Graceless Majesty wou'd consider others, his good Friends and Acquaintance, the *Jacobites* and *High-Fliers* of all Ranks and Degrees, whose Case is now so low, that whereas formerly they cou'd meet Once or Twice a Week, and drink in Generous Wine to the Confusion of all *Fanaticks*, can now scarce afford to tell their sad Case, and lament their ragged Fortune over a Glass of muddy Ale.

More-

Moreover, Poor *Jack* further makes earnest Request, that the Patrons and Champions of *Passive Obedience* may be consider'd, and if they can't be A---B---ps, or B---ps here, let 'em be advanc'd to Worthy and Honourable Places in *Limbo*, that they may not lose their Reward. But poor *Jack* prays, that Dr. S-----l may have a clearer Pair of Spectacles, or more Honesty, that when he quotes Scripture, he may not read it backward, as when he says, * *The Servant of Elifha did not see his Master's Danger, before his Eyes were open'd*; when the contrary is the Truth. And if his Thirst after Fame be so great, that he'll set the Church and Nation on Fire, rather than miss it, may he be as infamously Famous, as he, who burnt the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*.

And be it further known to your Hellship, that the last Winter being very hard, my Master was oblig'd to send his Breeches to pawn for Eighteen Pence to buy a Loaf; so I went to *Gregory Greedy*, the Pawn-Broker. "Sir, said I, my Master desires you to lend him Eighteen Pence on his Breeches." He look'd on 'em, and turn'd 'em, as if he had been lowling 'em, and then roars out, with a Voice as hoarse as a Boat-swain's, "I'll lend but a Shilling." Bless me! thought I, What shall I do now? My Belly has made Suit to my Chaps this Two Days already, without any Success; and you may think, it made me look like a poor Hog on a Bare-bitten Common. But Master *Pluto*, give me Leave to tell you, that I verily believe, he be-

* Vide Sermon before the Lord Mayor. Novem. 5. 1709.

longs to you, for a more compleat Resemblance of Hell can't be found on this Side *Styx*, and tho' *Tally-Men*, *Stock-Jobbers*, and *Bottom-ree-Men*, may be either of them as honest as he, they are not so greedy, for who so enters his House without a Pledge, must think himself well us'd, if he come out again with his Cloaths whole.

But Mr. *Plato*, I beseech your Worship, to unfold a Mystery to your Supplicant poor *Jack*, and that is, why he pleads so much for Conscience, when he lends no Money before he has the beloved Pledge in his Hands, and then makes the poor indigent Wretches, with more than *Spanish* Cruelty, pay 6d per Pound per Month, which is above 30l. per Cent. per Annum; and yet I've heard him plead, that he was one of the most Charitable Men in the Parish where he lives, because he lets the Poor have Money at their Need, when it is really of his Covetous Humour, to increase his rusty Heaps; and his Kindness is like that of the Angler's, who baits his Hook with a pleasing Bait, to allure the Hungry Fish, not out of Pity, but that he may, by this Means, feast his own craving Appetite: And as if this were not enough, after he has got together in this cursed Manner, Rings, Jewels, Cloaths, &c. whatever the Indigent had, and their Poverty oblig'd 'em for present Money, to put into his Hands; He advertises the World, that he's minded to leave off his Business by such a prefix'd Time, and those who have left Pledges in his Hands, are requir'd to fetch 'em away, or they'll be dispos'd of.

Now it may be, one half of these poor People don't read a News-Paper once a Year, or if they do, are
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not able to fetch away their Goods, because they have not the Golden, or Silver Key, which only unlocks the Hell-Hound's Doors, and consequently, the Cormorant unmercifully devours all.

Now if it please your Infernalship, to take him to your self, for he is incorrigible to all the Corrections and Chastisements of *Hicks's Hall*, or *Old-Baily*; and if it seem good to your Infernal Majesty, let him be condemn'd to spin Pack-Thread for Two Pence a Day, 'till he has atton'd for all his Cruelty, and live on Water-Gruel and Oat-Cakes, 'till he is as big about as one of the Giants in *Guild-Hall*, before he ever bless his Eyes with the Sight of a Mouthful of Roast-Beef: Or let him be condemn'd to tell his Gold and Silver, to brush the Old Cloaths he has taken to pawn, and rub the Tankards and Cups, his unmerciful Hands has torn from the Needy, 'till *Dives* obtains a general Release from the Place of his Torment: Let *Gout*, *Pox*, and *Plague* be his eternal Attendance, let the Cries of the injur'd Poor continually disturb his Rest, and let his Lady attend him, reading in his Ears, whether he will or no, a Catalogue of all the Goods he has fore-sworn, or any other Way cheated the Poor of; and may all his Money be converted to Bells, and hung about his dear Ladys Neck, Arms, and Legs, that by their continual Gingling, he may not be able to sleep; and if this will not do, be pleas'd to command the *Cylops* to make all his Brass Kettles and Pots, (of which he has many) into Kettle-Drums, and may they be always beat by Furies, to his everlasting Waking.

And moreover, Poor *Jack* of the *Indies* humbly desires your Infernal Majesty, to take into your most graceless Consideration, the Case of poor Authors, who perhaps, have been Slaves to the Goose-Quill this Year or Two, and when they hope to reap the Fruit of their Labours, by communicating to the World the Product of their Brain, are immediately set upon by a Gang of Pyrates, with *H. H.* for Captain, who rob them of their Cargo, and bitterly maul 'em with Non-sence into the Bargain; be pleas'd to give Orders, that they may be sent for to *Limbo*, and punish'd as they deserve; and *Black Jack* humbly proposes, that *H. H.* may have all the Books he ever pyrated bound on his Back, and whipt thro' every Street, with a Label as broad as the Dial on *St. Paul's* hanging before him, with these Words writ in large Capital Letters,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.

and let the rest whip one another every Day, 'till they are out of Breath. But pray remember our dear Friend, who pyrated Two of my Master's Poems; One Dedicated to the *D.* of *M-----* the Other to the *E.* of *-----* for had they let us alone, I believe, I shou'd have had a New Coat, and my Master a New Sword and Wigg, but the *D-----* Rogue spoil'd all, for my Master could scarce chear his Heart with a Glafs of Generous Wine out of the Profit, and Poor *Jack* must pray for a mild Winter.

May

May it please your Infernalship, also, to send for the C---te of S-----y, and as soon as he comes, send him to *Bedlam* for a Madman; but if this shall not be thought expedient, let those who made a Parson of him be fin'd for spoiling a Porter; and let the C----te himself be condemn'd to cry *Flounders*, or *Small-Coal*, between *Wapping* and *Black-Wall* as long as he lives: And if it may please your Infernal Majesty, order, according to his Advice, that all those who have writ against him, may be cut for the Simples; except he, who says, "Whosoever writes against him, is like him who fights with a *Tom T--d-man*, whether he beat, or be beaten, he is sure to be besh-t. And if any one hereafter, notwithstanding all, shall be so foolish, as to write against him, let him be condemn'd to wear a Fool's Cap for ever after.

Moreover, be pleas'd to order, that *Terence* and his Fellows may whip our Drammatick Poets into better Manners, and teach them to let God's Providence and Religion alone, and to use their Betters with more Respect, and to bring their Plays to the Standard of Virtue. And let this be given 'em in Charge, that they never exceed the Bounds of Decency, nor write any Thing offensive to modest Ears, on Pain of having all their Plays condemn'd to Pastry-Cooks and Trunk-makers, or of being sent for Chastisement to the C---te of St-----y.

But I beseech you, have a great Regard to the Author of the *Careless Husband*, who brings in only *Two L---s*, One a great Whore-master, and the Other a Ridiculous Fop, and yet in his Dedication to the D. of ----- says, that he owes most of his Play to his *Grace's Conversation*. Poor *Black Jack* humbly proposes,

proposes, since he was drunk with the Liquor of *Parnassus*, that *Æsculapius* may send him a sleeping Dose, that he may rest 'till he is sober, or some *Hellebore* to purge his Head from the Fumes that disturb it.

And let all who lard their Poems with Obscenity, to the Scandal of Religion and good Manners, and to the Debauching of Youth, be condemn'd to be as poor as *Job*, and as full of Boils 'till they repent; Or, rather take them to your own Country, and make 'em your Jakes-Scourers, with a Pension of Two Pence a Day, to be spent on Custards; and eaten with their Hands besmear'd with a *S-r-R-----ce* to their eternal Mortification.

Poor Sun-burnt *Jack* further prays, that your Infernal-ship would deliver us from all *Quack-Doctors*, and *Fortune-Tellers*, who taste a *T---d*, and shake the *Urinal*, and tell Fortunes with as much Dexterity, as if they had ravish'd Dame *Nature*, and were become Masters of all her Secrets, talk of the Planets, as if they had layn between fair *Urania's* Breasts, and had obtain'd from her, the Nature and Influence of all the Constellations in her Starry Garment: Nay, by their Assurance, one would be tempted to believe, that the Heavens had been anatomiz'd at *Chyrurgion's-Hall*, and that they were present at the Operation: But Mr. *Pluto*, have Regard to one of this Herd, who makes the Side of his House speak *Greek*, and understands not a Word of the Matter himself. Let them all be hung up by the great Toes and Thumbs in *Limbo*, and may they there be punish'd with hot Pincers, and fed with *Aqua Fortis* and *Mercury*, by all those they have sent to the Infernal Regions;

Regions; or gull'd out of their Money, by Quack-
ing, and Fortune-Telling.

And pray Mr *Pluto*, remember a certain Kettle-
mender, who went from Mending of Kettles to Mend-
ing of Souls, but because the People (tho' foolish e-
nough) were not so foolish, as to put their Souls
into his Hands, he broke in that Trade, and now
sets up, to teach Old Women to bid the Sun good
Night in a Morning before he rises, and to be more
exquisite at Smelling of Roast-Beef, than a Post:
He has an Excellent Receipt to improve the Feeling;
and he says, 'tis as good for the Sight. Now if he
has not yet come to your Knowledge, poor *Jack* has
heard that he lives near the *Exchange*; and is told
that *Belzebub* has got sore Eyes, with holding his
Head in the Smoke so long; therefore, humbly prays,
this Man may be his Oc---st.

And now poor *Jack's* Hand's in, he craves Leave
to make One Petition for the *Doctors*, and the *Apo-
thecaries*, seeing they have merited so well of *Apollo*,
by their late Scuffle, he pleas'd to speak to him, that
Midas's Afs-like Ears (and if he pleases, Head and
all) may be confer'd on 'em; for poor *Jack* thinks,
they deserv'd 'em more than he, who only pass'd
a wrong Judgment between Two Ballad-Singers;
but these expose each others Functions to the Ri-
dicule of the *Mob*.

And pray Mr *Pluto*, don't forget Dr. P---, and
the Author of *Tentamen*, ---- but be a little more fa-
vourable to the latter, because 'tis poor *Jack's* Opi-
nion, that he had not got his Eye-Teeth, for who
that consider'd his own Interest, would have made
the *Doctors* his *Enemys* as soon as he began his Bu-
siness,

Business; and if it please you, let him have only the Satisfaction, to see his Pestle and Mortar grow rusty, for want of the Doctor's Custom.

And poor Jack having a great Affection for Liberty and Property, prays heartily against Wooden Shoes, and strait Breeches, and beseeches your Hellship to hear a little of his Poetry in a good Wish to Q. ANNA.

*Long live Queen ANNA, long may she Reign,
Let her Arms have Success in Flanders and Spain;
'Till She subdues with Invincible Power,
Phillip of Bourbon, and makes him look sour,
'Till Charles is entron'd, and the Eagle display'd,
'Till Lewis grows humble, and his Forces dismay'd;
'Till our Trade is secure, and Europe at Ease,
'Till the Tyrant of France shall beg for a Peace.
Let ANNA live long, as long may She Reign,
The Empire's Support, and Queen of the Main,
Britain's Beloved, and Bulwark of Spain. }
Our Faith's Great Defender, Support of our Laws,
The Jacobite's Bane, and the Life of our Cause.*

But I further pray, that you would send for Lewis over Styx, and there let him be Captain of your Banditti, to keep him busie; for he has been so troublesom here, that no Body who lives near, can be at Quiet for him; and poor Jack's afraid, he'll scarce lye still when he's dead; but if you will please to employ his Soul, We'll lay a Heap of Stones on his Corps, as big as Paul's, but We'll keep him in his Grave, if We could but once get him there. But pray give Orders, that P-----ge may be

be indited for *Murder*, as soon as he comes to *Limbo*, for killing him so often in his *Almanacks*, when to the Disappointment of all Elegiack Poets, *Charon* has not yet took One poor Groat for his Passage; but One Thing I had almost forgot; pray when you send for *Lewis*, let *M---m M---t---n* have an Appartment very near him, for as he can't live without her, so we fear, we must not part them at Death.

Further, Mr *Demon* in the dark, poor Black Jack has One Request to make, with Respect to a Letter he has seen, the Contents of which take as follows, Superscrib'd thus.

Ned B----- to his Quondam School-
Fellow Tom K-----

Dear T O M.

TIS a good While ago, since you and I being of the same Class, us'd to chatter, how we wou'd play the Bishops when we became Men. But Providence, as you know, has a good While ago put us at a great Distance, you being sent to LEYDEN, and I to OXFORD; and our Age not much disagreeing, as I have newly put on the Gown, I understand, you have lately assum'd the Cloak; on which, as becomes an Old Acquaintance, I beg Leave to Congratulate you, and can't but envy your Happiness, you having an Advantage that we want, for while you play those Juvenile Freaks, which you and I both love to do, (but
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only) the untoward Gown and Cassock continually hang dangling at my Tail, you have the Liberty how Canonical soever you are a Sunday, to look like Laymen all the Week, and considering your Air, I'll warrant you, where you are not known, they will take you for Rakes, rather than Divines; and we must needs envy your Happiness, for if one of us chance to look in the Sun 'till our Eyes fail, and take a Gallon Tankard for a Lanthorn, and go Home by the Light of it, admiring its Illumination, it must presently be told all the Nation. ----- Truly, Honest Tom, I wish, with all my Heart, I might enjoy the same Liberty, and to tell you the Truth, I do, now and then, lay aside the Badge of DIVINITY, and take the Agreeable Opportunity. ----- But no more of that, for there is something more material that now concerns us; it is that which has obtain'd the Odious Name of Priest-Craft: ----- And yet 'tis only a prudential Care of One's own Affairs, which we can't live without. If I use none, I may read Prayers for a Meal, and Read over the Dead to keep my self alive to Dooms-Day, and get neither Bishoprick nor Benefice; and you must turn Pædagogue, or preach for a Sunday's Dinner, and live on Text and Context all the Week besides. But if I can trim, flatter my Lord, and call the Knave honest, the Debauchee chaste, the Blasphemer pious, the Covetous frugal, the Prodigal liberal, &c. I may not doubt of Preferment, and have all the loathsome Praises, that these Men can heap on my Head. In Truth, this is no Time to be Plain-Honest Men; for that is the plain Way to Starving, and besides, the Rich have no Faults; it is a Vertue in them, which is a Vice in

a Poor Man. It's genteel in a Rich Parson, to go to the Tavern, and drink Two or Three Quarts for his Share, when it wou'd be unpardonably Profane, for a Poor Brother to drink a Quart of Ale at an Ale-House: The Rich give the Loose to their Vanity, when the very Looking on wou'd be a Crime in the Poor Crape-Gown. And this Folly is not only confin'd to the Gown, but the Cloak comes in for a Large Share. And truly, Tom, if you can't be all Things to all Men, in a Way very different from St. Paul's Meaning, few Cloaths and less Money are like to be your Portion: If you can't approve of Going from Tavern to Tavern, and swallow a Crown for Supper, and say Amen to all the Jargon of the Clan, depend upon it, be as Honest and as Pious as you will, if you want their Recommendation, it shall be your Mortification; for if they know no Faults to accuse you of, they will nod you some. Their But's --- and Wishes shall have more of the Black Art in 'em, than all the Sigils and Charms of a Fortune-Teller. --- Come, Come, Old Acquaintance, he who can't dissemble, can't live: A Poor Man can never be Good, Wise nor Learned, and a Rich Man is all these, tho' he is One of the Greatest Blockheads in Nature. Honesty, Poverty and Folly are inseparable Companions as the World now goes, for say a Man is honest, and you at the very same Time call him Fool; but I hope, you and I shall be wiser.

My Dear TOM, Farewel.

Good Mr *Pluto*, if the Matter is come to this pass with the Religious, I am much afraid, you will have many of them sent to your Dominions, Poor *Jack* 'tis true, has no great Affection for the Christian Religion, but he is very sorry, that those, who pretend to teach Others the Way to *Heaven*, shou'd be so negligent of going there themselves. If they do come to *Limbo*, as it is very likely many will, pray let them serve for Fuel to *Belzebub's* own Fire. But as I suppose, the Writer of this Letter had Regard only to the Hypocritical and Crafty, so Poor *Jack* desires, that what he says, may only be understood of such.

And may it please your Hellship, to grant that all that make Religion a Cloak to their Baseness, who have God in their Mouths, and the Devil in their Hearts, (as the Christians speak) may be turn'd inside out, as ----- as ----- as ----- yea, as a Tripe-Man turns a sh-t--n Tripe.

But Mr. *Demon* in the Dark, I have three or four more to beg a Boon for, and I will put an End to my long Prayer. And the First shall be the Tally-Man, that Destroyer of Humane Flesh, worse than the *Cannibal*, Enemy to all Mankind, Plague of the Poor, Curse of the Needy, Devourer of the Widow, and Fatherless, and Devil in Humane Shape, a Friend to none, but his own accursed self, the Bayliffs, and Jaylors; And all this he is, under the specious Pretence of helping the Poor, now, if ever he thinks to have your Favour in the next World (as I know not how he can) let him be as much deceiv'd, as all those have been, who have took him for an
an

an Honest Man. Let the Curses of the Poor, the Cries of the Widow, and Fatherless, and the sad Complaints of the Poor Prisoners, make such a Din in his Ears, that he may not be able to hear any Thing else; and may they toll him in a Blanket, 'till he is as honest as he has made them Poor. Let him remember to his everlasting Mortification, how he has unconscionably exacted Fifty *per Cent.* and when they could not pay their Weekly Payments, arrested them, and if they had either Friend, or Goods in the World, made them pay him his whole Demands, tho' half the Time of Credit was not out. Let him be Chastiz'd every Day before Breakfast, by those he has sent to the *Marshalseas, White Chappel Prison, &c.* with more Stripes than ever were given to Poor *Titus*.

And forget not, I beseech you, all *Petty Foggers, Serjeants* and *Bayliffs*; the first are the little whilking Curs, that find the Game, which the Other if they catch, will be sure to Devour, or as Sheep-biting Dogs, will suck their Blood, and leave them so feeble, by Exacting *Double-Fees, Civility-Money, &c.* that they shall never more be able to go alone. If you have *Vultures* enough left, pray set One to every of their Livers, and let them feed there, 'till *Tantalus* has fill'd his Belly with *Kentish Pippins*, or 'till a Brother of the Quill is hang'd for his Honesty.

But I further pray, that your Infernal Majesty wou'd have as much Regard to Cruel Creditors, who respect neither the Poverty, Honesty, nor Family of their Debtors, who have fill'd most of the Prisons in the Nation, these bury Men

Men alive between Stone Walls, how many Families have been undone, Men and Women starved, or at best made useless, both to themselves and Others, by these Brutish Men, not less, by a Modest Computation, are now in the Prisons of *GREAT BRITAIN*, than Thirty, or Forty Thousand, most of them Poor, and unable to pay, and tho' Knavery might make some Poor, yet many of them are much Honester than those who put them there.

Now, if you are as Just, as you are said to be, I can't doubt, but it will come to their Turns in a While, to be in your Dark Prison, and then, I beseech you, let them have a Lick at every Dish, and a Sup out of every Cup, they, without Mercy, have bestow'd on their poor Debtors. Let the Tears and Cries of the poor distressed Prisoners, and their Families pass for current Coin, to buy Houltry Faggots, not to warm, but to burn their Shins; and may they get no Balsam for 'em, 'till Dr. *Pontew* comes again, and keeps a Stage at *Tower-Hill*: Nay, may they be as lowly as my Neighbour *Dudgeon's* Hogs, and as scabby as a *Welch-man*, or rather let 'em serve for *Pokers*, or *Salamanders* to your Kitchen Fires.

But Poor *Jack* can't forget the *K-----s* the *Bakers*, who are not willing to be Honest: They made such a Crying, and Howling, and Whining a *May-Day*, for Fear, they should not have Opportunity to cheat their Neighbour, and punish the Poor; that a great many have consented, if they will wipe their Eyes, and be quiet, to give them Leave to cheat them still, by Setting the Two
first

first Letters of their Names, on their Quarter, Half-Peck, and Peck-Loaves; that so, if the Officers come, and find their Bread made contrary to the Statute, they may call them Wives Bread; but the poor Souls are still in the Dumps, and can scarce sleep a Nights, for fear the late Act of Parliament, by Discovering so many of their Tricks, shou'd spoil their Drinking Wine, and reduce 'em to muddy Ale; and besides, they're afraid, they shall not be able hereafter, to buy their Wives Gold Watches, nor their Daughters Chains and Locketts, if the Good Wives by this Discovery of their Knavery, shou'd revive the frugal old Way of Baking their own Bread. 'Twou'd grieve one to see the wry Faces, and pityful Grins they make, as if they had got the Gripes: These Considerations have mov'd poor *Jack* in Pity, to desire your Hellship, to order that they may have Liberty to cheat all those that are willing to be cheated, without being in Danger of the Pillory: And that all those, who give the *Bakers* Leave to cheat 'em, may by their humble Petition, obtain the next Sessions of Parliament, that all the Pillories in *Great Britain* erected for *Bakers* may be pull'd down, and that a Fine may be set on all, that after that Time shall call them *Pillory-Bakers*. Moreover, poor *Jack* prays, that they may have a Parish Pudding once or twice a Week at least, and a pinch'd Loaf once a Day, if they bake for the good Wives so often; always provided, that they neither forestall the Markets, by buying their Corn in *Inns*, *Taverns*, and *Ale-Houses* instead of open Market, nor buy Corn by Confederacy, at a higher
Rate

Rate than the Market will bear, and then swear before the Lord Mayor, &c. that that was the Market-Price, tho' they go presently and buy the same Wheat, assoon as they have wip'd their Mouths after their Oath, two or three Guineas in a Load cheaper; nor put into the Bread they bake, *Beans, Pease, Barley*, nor any other Grain whatever, but good Wheat; nor use any Way to give a Colour to it, but what the Wheat it self will give if well dress'd: And if after all, they prove refractory in this last Matter, let 'em be condemn'd to stop Ovens in *Limbo*, instead of Clouts and Dirt

Moreover, poor Sun-burnt *Jack* desires you wou'd be pleas'd not to forget the *Wapping-Land-Ladies*, who gull the poor *Tars* of their Money, as artificially as a Juggler conveys his Ball by the Virtue of *Hocus Pocus*. When he comes from Sea with more Money than Wit, she meets him at the Door, gives him a Chuck under the Chin, and a Kiss. "My Child, says she, I'm glad to see you, how
"hast thou done a great While? Did you want
"nothing? I wou'd have sent you any Thing you
"wou'd have, but I cou'd not tell who to trust
"to bring it, the *Carriers* are such Rogues; but
"come, my Child, come in, I'll give thee a Quar-
"tern." Then in goes the Gull, "Well, says
"she, you can't think how poor *Sukee* was con-
"cern'd for you; poor Girl, there was scarce a
"Day, but she wou'd speak of you, and if we had
"any Thing better than ordinary, she wou'd say
"presently, I wish poor *Billy* had some of it."
This tickles the Fool's Fancy, and he must needs see *Sukee*. --- She presently is call'd down, --- and
when

when she comes, seems overjoy'd to see him; he kisses her, and she hangs about him like a Burr, " Well, *says he*, I always thought, that *Sukee* had " a Respect for me; but now I see it. Well, " Girl, it sha'n't be lost. Ay, *says she*, *Billy*, you " know what you promis'd, ----- but no Matter " for that, ----- I am glad to see you come safe " home. Poor Soul, I'll warrant you, he has gone " through many a sharp Shower; *turning to her Mother*. " No more of that, *says the Noddy*, but " let's have a Bowl of Punch. Which Mother *Damnable* makes, with *Stinkibus* of three Half-Pence a Quartern, and makes him pay for good *Nants*. When they have drank, and his Heart is merry, and Kisses pass as fast as the Bowl, and Abundance of Kindness is shewing to *Billy*; He and *Sukee* must be left alone, and she tells him, that she has had a great Mind to a furbelow'd Scarff; but that her Mother wou'd not let her have it. " Come, come, *says he*, no Matter for that, I have " Money enough, I promis'd you a Ring, but " it shall be a Scarff, and we'll go to Morrow, and buy it. ---- Then the Slut sears upon him, and says, " No, *Billy*, I did not speak to that " Purpose; no, *Billy*, don't, my Mother will think " I ask'd you. ----- Well, in short, she has the Scarff; then he has a Suit of Cloaths, which his Land-Lady has of one, that must grease her in the Fist, to give him Leave to cheat the Spark; so, when he's thus fitted for Misses Company, they walk abroad together, and he must buy her one Knack, or other; a Locket, or the like, and to be sure, he must drink little but *Punch, Sir Cloudesly, &c.*

at her House; because, here she can cheat him to his Face, and he not know it. Thus in about a Month, or six Weeks Time, two or three Years Pay is gone, and Miss grows cold, the Land-Lady advises him to look out for another Voyage, and tells him, that it don't become a Young Man to lye lurking about. ---

" But, *says he*, I want a little Money to put in
 " my Pocket, or how shall I do thus. --- Money,
 " *says she*, truly, I don't know what to do for
 " Money, if a Shilling will do for this Time,
 " you shall have it, and pray see, that you be
 " a good Husband; but what e'er you do, get
 " a Voyage, for I can't keep you. --- The Poor
 Tar being thus funn'd out of his Money, and little
 short of being turn'd out of Doors into the Bar-
 gain, away he trudges, and having got a Voyage,
 then before he shall have any Thing to fit him
 for it, she must have his *Powers*, (as they call
 'em) made to her; and then at near double Price,
 he shall have a few coarse Things; for which,
 she will not trust, but 'till he takes his River-
 Pay; and if he keep Touch, he shall have a
 Runlet of Brandy, at three Times as much as
 it costs her.

Now, Poor *Jack* desires, that all these Firkins
 of foul Stuff, may be put together in a leaky Ves-
 sel, without Sail or Rudder, to pump, or drown,
 and have nothing to eat, but *Stock-Fish*, *Stinking*
Beef, and *Rotten Biskets*, 'till they are slender enough,
 to creep thro' the Hoop of a Butter-Firkin, Cloaths
 and all, or are honest enough to be trusted.

Now Sun-burnt *Jack*, as afraid he has been too
 tedious, concludes his humble Petition, without
 more

more ado, tho' he wishes as well to all cruel *Jaylors*,
Cheating Tradesmen, *Bawds*, *Whores*, *Pimps*, &c. as to
any of these.

The Transcriber observing, that *Jack* takes No-
tice of *H. H.* &c. in his Petition, and having heard,
that Her Majesty has sign'd an Act against *Land-
Piracy*, finds by his Cousin *Bickerstaff's* Rules of
Astrology, that he, and some others of the same
Business, are already dead, or will dye in a short
Time, has thought fit to entertain the World with
their Elegy.

An ELEGY on the *Land-Pi-
rates*, who receiv'd their Deaths
Wound, by a Late Act of PAR-
LIAMENT.

A Las ! Poor Souls, to see 'em shake,
'Twou'd make a Brother's Heart to ake :
Poor *H. H.* that harmless Gudgeon,
Took the Matter much in Dudgeon ;
And so did B-----d, silly Oaf,
Screw up his Chaps, and stand aloof ;
And yet 'twou'd sure, provoke to Laughter,
To see the Tribe come Whining after,
In Tatter'd Coat, without an Arm on,
Lamenting Loss of Penny Sermon.
Shinkin, whose Nature is so sow'r,
He smiles you, scarce in half an Hour.

Seeing

Seeing the Pother that was making;
 Began a strange and merry Shaking;
 I wish he ha'n't b-sh-t his Breeches,
 He grin'd so much by Fits and Catches;
 And yet, I think, 't's no Laughing Matter,
 As I'll tell you more herea'ter.
 So now for Fear, I shou'd forget it;
 Pray take the Matter as I met it;
 It seems they're dead as any Door Nail,
 As Dod, or Cleaver, Hobs, or Gurnal;
 According to my Cousin's 'logy,
 Or can't live long, for pray, I note ye;
 As sure as ever Catch slip'd Halter,
 Their Tongues and Limbs begin to faulter;
 As Men in Feavers Whimsy Pated,
 Talk at Random; and I'm cheated,
 If they live a Fourtnight longer,
 'Fore they're hang'd, or dye with Hunger.
 And now I'm in a fearful Plight,
 How to bid the K-----s, Good Night.
 For if I shou'd be over Civil,
 That wou'd be to play the D---l;
 Of Car' my self morose and sower,
 Just at the Pirates Dying Hour,
 I shou'd transgress the Laws of Mourning,
 Or increase the R-----ls Groaning.
 It wou'd grieve me, so I'll leave 'em,
 And wish the D---l don't deceive 'em;
 But at the Last may prove so witty,
 To cheat him, as they've done the City.


 FINIS.

